

The Avalanche

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The Assistant's Strategy

By E. M. WICKES

Jim Raney, the deputy, sat in the kitchen of his cottage which bordered on the outskirts of Fortchester, polishing an old shotgun. His blue eyed daughter, Florence, entered and inquired:

"What are you going to do with that gun, dad?"

"Fill some of those fresh motor flocks with buckshot," he drawled, without looking up.

She thought he was joking and remained silent for several seconds; then as he offered no additional explanation she asked:

"What seems to be the trouble?"

"Every Sunday," he replied, placing the gun on the table, "some maniac in a white touring car flies over my patrol and refuses to stop when I signal."

Last Sunday, though, when I halled him, he suddenly pulled up and jumped out. Then when I told him he was under arrest, he snatched the shield from my breast, and laughing in my face, he leaped into his car and rode away. But I'll get him today! I have to blow his car to smithereens. And I'll bet the justice will commit someone to jail."

"You're making a mountain out of a molehill," said Florence, seriously, walking over and picking up the gun. "And if you go shooting off this old blunderbuss, you'll be the one eventually to land in jail. What you should employ against these reckless chaps is strategy."

"I'm going to use buckshot on them before I buy any more ammunition," he vehemently declared.

"Buckshot nonsense," laughed Florence. "Ingenuity and strategy, dad, conquer nations."

There was a pause as the deputy gazed out of the window.

"Have you got some?" he questioned, suddenly turning.

"I am full of it. And I am going to the road with you to execute a strategic move and capture the culprit."

"Yes, and get hit with one of those infernal machines and land in the hospital."

Florence laughed heartily at his fears, as she flutched to her brown wavy hair, a black fur can.

"What time does that follow usually pass?"

"About four o'clock, but you stay home. I don't need an assistant if I have the gun."

You cannot have the gun and I am going with you," she announced, throwing the weapon on a shelf.

He finally yielded and allowed her to accompany him to the road.

Shortly after their arrival, a white touring car came into view, a half mile away. When it was within four hundred yards of them, Florence, who had been intently watching it, clenched her teeth and sprang to the middle of the road. Her father diving his purpose and fearing an accident, frantically rushed over and valiantly attempted to force her aside.

Meanwhile, shrill blasts were shooting from the oncoming car, but Florence refused to clear the way, which brought the motor to a standstill. The driver, a tall, supple chap, wearing a linen duster, blue goggles and a cap pulled down on his forehead, leaped to the ground and, catching sight of Florence, his features broke into a smile as an exclamation seemed to spring to his lips—only to perish.

"Is this the one, dad?" queried Florence.

The deputy scrutinized the chauffeur for several seconds, and answered in the affirmative.

"Arrest him," she ordered, as another car slowed up from a forty-mile golf.

"You're under arrest," shouted the deputy, shaking his finger at the first comer.

"For what?" asked the one in the blue goggles, leisurely lighting a cigarette.

"You're both under arrest for speed, and there is a charge of larceny against you for stealing my badge!"

"Look sharply," began the accused one, "or I am apt to steal your pret."

"Sir, this is no time for nonsense," Florence broke in. "Papa is the deputy and you will have to accompany him to the justice!"

"Oh, very well, just as you say," cheerfully replied the driver.

"Here, Florence," said her father, "get in the first car, and I'll climb in the other and they can drive to the justice."

As Florence stepped into the car the tall chap sprang to her side, and sent them speeding away.

"Hey there, stop, you hound!" yelled the deputy.

The only reply was a "fool" of the horn as the car disappeared around a curve.

The deputy ordered the other car to give chase, but the man refused.

"What do you mean by this?" angrily demanded Florence, "I want you to stop and let me out, or I will have you arrested."

"I hardly think you would," returned her companion, removing his goggles. "Don't you remember me?"

"Mr. Hawley!" she gasped.

He stopped the motor, and tenderly turned her hand, inquired: "Did I frighten you?"

"Yes, you nearly frightened the life out of me," she pouted.

"I am very sorry and beg forgive-ness."

"At present it is withheld," she an-swered, fastening her compote.

"Well, bring you here!"

Crawford Avalanche

O. PALMER,

JUSTICE AND RIGHT.

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"Lucky and this motor," he said. "Are you glad?"

"It will not tell you now. I think it was horrid of you to give father and me such a fright."

"I did not know it was your father, and as I had something important to say, I was anxious to see you alone."

"Will you listen, now?"

"Father says that you insulted him and puffed his badge," she said, ignoring his question.

"Oh, I see what you are driving at; and if you will listen to what I have been longing to tell you for months, I will explain the badge incident."

"I can surmise what it is," she smiled, listlessly toying with the lever.

"Please, let me return and allay father's fears. Then when you have explained the badge affair, I—I will listen."

"That is some consolation," he rejoined, turning the motor to comply with her wish.

Five minutes later they had reached the deputy, who was angrily gesturing as he addressed a middle-aged man of judicial aspect.

"Here they are!" cried the deputy, as the car drew up. "Judge I want you to commit him."

"Be patient a moment, Jim, until we hear his story," advised the other.

"What does this mean, Ralph?" asked the justice, as the deputy thrust Ralph aside and assisted Florence to Ralph aside and assisted Florence to

"Fiddlesticks!" scoffed the man. "How absurd! Don't you give men credit for any sense?"

"Not much," admitted the girl, with calm frankness. "If you men had any sense you wouldn't be so taken in as you are nine times out of ten."

"I knew a man once who was perfectly crazy about a girl because she always was in such bubbling good spirits and simply effervesced with fun and life," went on the girl in the green foulard gown. "So he married her. It took him about a year to discover that Betty had been no carefree because she absolutely refused to be bothered with anything. She kept her good spirits because she shovelled responsibility off on anybody who happened to be handy, and she effervesced because she wasn't capable of a serious thought. It is kind of wearing on a man when he comes home and says that the bank has failed and they are penniless. If his wife yawns languidly and says, 'Dear me! Well, let's not think about it.' Let's go to the theater and cheer up. And, darling, get box seats, because I like them better!"

"This man stood till his wife gave a big card party when he was sick with pneumonia, because she said she positively could not stand the indolence of the house. What did he do? Oh, he just died. Evidently he thought that was the quickest way out."

"All girls who are cheerful and amusing are not heartless," insisted the man. "We men can tell the real thing! We appreciate real worth!"

"Bosh!" interrupted the girl in the green foulard gown shortly. "Excuse my rudeness, but I couldn't help it. Real worth, you know, is terribly tiring, because it is generally quiet and serious, and nowadays everybody runs from seriousness. When you are bleeding out right in whom to call you don't choose one because she has collected more money for the health than anyone else or can manage a downtown business, do you? I should say not! You run over the list of your acquaintances and murmur, 'Gracie! I'll go see her because she's such a jolly girl and a fellow doesn't have to think!' She just rattles on and all I have to do is murmur 'Yes' and 'No' and be comfortable. I'll go and see Gracie!"

"Meanwhile, the young person of sterling worth sits at home alone with a book—which she has bought herself—and if she eats candy it is sure to be fudge that she has made herself for nobody ever squanders money sending her violet-trimmed boxes of chocolates from the confectionery stores. But I'll warrant that Gracie could build a fair-sized cottage out of her discarded candy boxes!"

"Well, a fellow doesn't like a stick," protested the man. "You are unfair, it quite irritates me! You know it isn't so! Why, just let me tell you—"

"Know anything about it?" questioned the justice, turning to the deputy, who had been tugging at his brown beard while listening to Ralph's story.

"Yes, reckon it's true," he admitted.

"Florence did write to me last summer about some fellow, but I went down and made her and her aunt come straight home, and forbade her to have any more to do with him. Of course, I didn't know he was her boy friend."

"You're under arrest," shouted the deputy, shaking his finger at the first comer.

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"You're both under arrest for speed, and there is a charge of larceny against you for stealing my badge!"

"Look sharply," began the accused one, "or I am apt to steal your pret."

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"Well, bring you here!"

"He was driven to his grave!"

"Sure he was. Did you expect him to walk there?"—Pittsburg Gazette.

GIRLS WHO WIN

"It isn't so!" declared the man. "You're just saying it to try to get a rise out of me! You really don't believe it!"

"Indeed I do!" asserted the girl in the green foulard gown. "It is, as I say, perfectly true that all a man cares about is being entertained and amused. What difference does it make to him if a girl has a kind heart and is angelic to her mother? All that appeals to him is her ability to make an idle hour pass pleasantly!

"Do you suppose," she demanded, "that he cares at all if she gives up a bridge party to visit the sick? Is he possessed of passionate admiration for her if she can broil a steakf or if she always keeps her clothes mended neatly and the buttons sewed on her shirtwaists? Not he! He would walk straight past her in his eagerness to get to Little Giggle under the willow plum that shades her sparkling eyes!"

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A Trip to PAULO AFFONSO FALLS in Brazil

BY H.W.FURNISS

EW tourists ever have more than a glance of a very small section of Brazil, as they travel by large steamers which only touch at the more important coast cities and they accept, without question, the volunteered advice of resident fellow-countrymen who have never traveled in the interior of the country. These speak as if from personal knowledge, though in reality, of the difficulties, if not danger, to such travel.

Though there is individuality in all cities, more striking in some than in others, yet after all, as a result of civilization, there is so marked a similarity that one soon tires of most foreign cities. This monotony seldom extends to travel in the interior of a country, at least not in Brazil, which abounds in enchanting scenes, remarkable plants, flowers and animals, and marvelous works of nature, giving to the traveler a new sensation at every turn. Such is the effect of a trip to the Paulo Affonso falls.

To reach Paulo Affonso falls it is necessary to take a coastwise vessel from Pernambuco or Bahia to Penedo, about 30 miles up the wonderful San Francisco river, which is navigable, except for a short distance on both sides of the falls, for over 1,000 miles into Brazil, and is full of interest from mouth to source.

Penedo is the second largest city in the state

of Alagoas. Almost opposite Penedo is the ancient town of Villa-Nova in the state of Sergipe. The town is said to have once been an important place, but now chiefly consists of tumble-down houses. A large rice-hulling factory is, however, located here, also large cotton-seed and castor-oil factories and a cotton gin. The products of these factories are shipped to nearby towns.

From Penedo to Piranhas, the head of navigation of the lower San Francisco, or that part of the river below the falls district, one has choice of making the trip either by small double-decked light-draft stern-wheel steamer, which makes a round trip once a week, or by a locally built native salsão called "canoa."

Canoa is Portuguese (the language of Brazil) for canoe, which it resembles in outline, but differs from it in having in the forward third a peculiarly shaped palm-leaf-thatched cabin with dove-cot-like windows painted a dark color, contrasting with the other woodwork. Other than a shell-like affair running around on a level with the windows and used either as seat or bunk, no occasion warrants, the cabin has no furnishings. The rest of the boat, except an area over the rudder, on which stands the helmsman, and the small space occupied by a built-in box filled with sand, on which the cooking is done, is utilized as cargo space and is sufficient to carry from 10 to 20 horses or oxen, packed crosswise like sarcines.

The size and character of the boat does not appeal to our idea of a canoe. Such a boat with its crew of two men, can be chartered at a reasonable figure, while frequently a passage can be arranged for at a reduction on steamer rates.

Whether to take steamer or canoa is difficult to advise; that would depend upon the temperament of the traveler, the company and the circumstances. In the various trips of the writer, steamer or canoa has been used, in accord with mood or necessity. As to time, one method is about as quick as the other, each consuming two days in going the 150 miles and like time in returning. The steamer remains at Piranhas but one day, so that, unless it is desired to consume a week in the neighborhood of the falls, the canoa offers the only quick return to Penedo. On the steamer meals are procurable, while on the canoa provisions must be supplied by the voyager or arranged for with the captain. In either case it is wise to take some prepared food, as the cooks make chiefly native dishes, which require an educated palate for appreciation. Whether by steamer or canoa, unless mosquito proof, one must of necessity have a mosquito bar, a hammock or camp bed is a wise provision. In the daytime mosquitoes are not troublesome, but with the setting of the sun, when the boats usually tie up for the night, they become excessively annoying.

Voyage by canoa is both romantic and thrilling. Every day, commencing at ten o'clock, off Penedo, a stiff breeze arises and blows upstream with such force that the canoa, with their large sails spread, resembling at a distance huge bats, seem to fly upstream, frequently with such speed as to overtake and pass the steamer, which has seen some time before. The river is practically straight, and the farther up one goes the more



THE QUAY AT PENEDO



principal stages of the river and notes that the cataract itself does not change much in form as a result of volume of water. However, when the river is in freshet additional cataracts are formed by the water passing through the ravines, which at other times are dry and leaping over the high cliff direct into the lower whirlpool. The rapids, on the contrary, are materially changed by any deviation in the volume of water and, were they approachable, when the river is high,

they would doubtless be devoid of the great beauty which characterizes them at other periods.

The ideal time to visit the falls is just after the river has fallen sufficiently to allow one to cross the numerous rocky ravines through which, when the river is high, water is rushing preventing a near approach to the true river bed and the falls. Soon after the freshet, which is from November to March, the grass springs up and the plants burst into bloom. Gaudy colors then predominate, from the deep yellow of the trumpet flower, the reds and blues of other plants, the beautiful pink flower of the "verbena brava," which, when eaten cause the death of many animals, to the black seed pod of the "blackwood" bush and the exquisite white bloom of the "ceresus" which opens at night, exhaling its delicate but penetrating odor. After a few weeks the dry season sets in. The grass and ephemeral-flowering plants are then scorched by the sun, leaving only a few hardy bushes and the cacti.

Consisting as it does of a succession of rapids ending in a fall, opinion differs as to which point about Paulo Affonso one should first visit. To the writer the most beautiful and awe-inspiring portion is the rapids. One in viewing them realizes the truth of the words of a noted traveler, that "if Niagara were the monarch of cataracts, Paulo Affonso is assuredly the king of rapids." Either as rapids or falls, it stands unique. It has none of the artificial surroundings of Niagara, neither works of man. Instead, it

is hemmed in by hills along its banks, so that the canoa has the full benefit of the breeze, which follows the turns of the river.

Between Penedo and Piranhas there are several towns of importance, the chief of which are Peixoto

and Gararu. In the state of Sergipe, and S. Brazil, Traipu and Pao d'Assucar, in the state of Alagoas. All of these places are of sufficient interest to warrant short stops. They are the river ports of large sections in which cotton, beans, corn, rice and cattle are raised in large quantities. Rice is chiefly raised along the river itself and in ponds formed adjacent thereto when the river is in freshet.

Living near the falls are a few men who, knowing the most accessible footpaths to the various points of interest, will act as guides for a small fee. However, they are not obtrusive or insistent in proffering their services; on the contrary, one has no trouble in finding them.

The falls are slightly crescentic in form. The main body of water rushes down the steep incline of the last rapids to the Mai da Cachoeira, where it hurl itself with great momentum against a steep black wall directly in front of it, rebounds, swishing, churning and foaming, only to be pushed over the abyss, at a right angle to its original course, by the dancing, foaming waters of the Anchiquinho before the water can recover its natural appearance. The width of the river at this point is about 50 feet, and the depth of the water at the base of the falls is given as 86 feet. The river then rushes straight on for a few hundred feet, only to be hurried back by a rock wall 300 feet high, forming the lower whirlpool from which it finally escapes at a right angle and passes for some miles through a narrow gorge.

The guide next leads one to the river above, where, hemmed in by low banks of black rock, it is broad and quiet, with nothing to suggest the turbulent waters just left. Continuing upstream, one sees numerous islands, mere rocks projecting like monuments from the water, and notes that already the water has commenced to hurry.

A short distance below the river makes its first leap of 30 feet. This is followed by the "Vau-voue-de-Cima" (upper come and go), a miniature whirlpool, where the water ebbs and flows at oft-repeated intervals. Farther on, the rock banks of the river approach each other and through crevices in the rock the river is compressed into five narrow branches, four of which immediately start their descent by tumbling 15 or 20 feet and, becoming a mass of seething foam, rushes down the steep incline with a fury that almost causes the earth to shake and, with a roar that can be heard for miles, thus forming the soul-inspiring rapids.

According to the guide, the trip to Paulo Affonso would not be complete without a visit to what he styles the wonderful "Furna do Morango" (cave).

To see this one is induced to climb, crawl and, if not very careful, fall down the zigzag path leading to the edge of the lower whirlpool where, after literally scrambling over the rubbish thrown up by it, one is conducted to the large gaping entrance to the cave. The cave itself is disappointing.

It is nothing more than a large opening in the bank, and is uninteresting unless one excepts the great number of vampire bats which inhabit it.

These are very troublesome to the cattle raisers in the vicinity.

From the mouth of the cave one has a good view of the whirlpool, but with thoughts of the difficult climb necessary to return it is doubtful if this side trip has been worth the trouble.

Paulo Affonso seems to have moods, its appearance markedly differing with the seasons, or more properly speaking, with the volume of water in the river, which is dependent upon season. The writer has made the trip there at the three

times he has heard as to the modern tendency to destroy parental responsibility—the destruction of what does not exist, or, if it does exist, is of a name! If we go to the drugs of the slave world—and it is with such that social effort is today most intimately and ardently concerned—we find the recognition on the part of even the most debased mother that her child

must have food of some sort. To get it she, like most people, takes the line of least resistance—the line she has been acquainted with from her own babyhood—beggary or crime. "Did you hunt lions and tigers when you were in Africa?" asked the friend. "No, we didn't have to," replied Lord Shortbow. "The bloomin' beasts hunt us, doncher know."

Dog Fancier—What kind of a dog would you prefer, madam? Mrs. Murdoch—Oh, I don't know. Suppose you show me one of those ocean greyhounds.

Mollycoddling English Poor.

I am inclined to think that the stupendousness of the problem daunts the ordinarily thoughtful person, while the careless is satisfied that things which are so much talked about must, if anything, too much looked after. We take a census of middle-class householders in all the best, I think we would find as the most prominent idea that there is too much mollycoddling of the poor. How many pious char-

tions have I heard as to the modern tendency to destroy parental responsibility—the destruction of what does not exist, or, if it does exist, is of a name! If we go to the drugs of the slave world—and it is with such that social effort is today most intimately and ardently concerned—we find the recognition on the part of even the most debased mother that her child

WELCOME THE ISSUE

UNFAIR TO AMERICAN WORKER

Democratic Politics Would Mean Subjecting Them to Ruinous Competition.

China is threatening to repeat what has been done in Japan in the way of manufacturing for export. Shanghai has eight large cotton mills in which are employed over 30,000 Chinese at spinning and weaving. In one mill 1,000 persons are employed in day and night shifts, the children earning about four cents a day, and the wages of adults averaging no higher than 20 cents a day. Modern machinery is being imported from foreign countries and Chinese operators are said to be quick to learn. The Chinese will soon make a good deal of their own cotton goods, as, in fact, they do now. The United States has lost a good deal of its Chinese trade, as a result of unfair Japanese competition. England is suffering to a less extent in the same way. The Chinese are sending pig iron to the Pacific coast, and will no doubt be sending cotton and other products in time if not kept out by efficient protection to industries in this country. American workmen cannot compete in point of wages with either Japanese or Chinese. Japanese men produce large quantities of rugs that are now sold in the United States, the work on which costs in Japan only two or three cents a day. This takes bread out of the mouths of American workmen, but that is the kind of competition the Democrats want to bring about.

If the Taft administration has accomplished anything at all it has been substantial reductions in the operating expenses of the government. This is a tremendously big country, with lots of people working in it. The nation's "cost of living" is constantly rising in the very nature of things. Not even the opposition of the Democrats can keep the country from expanding. It is a billion dollar country and the appropriations of the session of congress just closed were not abnormally large, greatly in excess of those for recent sessions. The cry of national extravagance is not substantiated by the facts. On the tariff issue the Republicans should win as easily as Johnson. The Democrats cannot "come back." It is able to knock out Blaine and Harrison like Cleveland and exhibited something like championship form. But the Democracy cannot stand the adversity which it always brings combined with the prosperity which Republicanism—real Republicanism, that is to say—affords. The "glad tidings" based on the hope of winning prices, except in certain luxuries, including champagne, to the tariff. And the drift of foreign trade under the new law has been equally confusing to the Democratic argument. The Dispatch says: "The imports for the nine months ending with March show an increase of \$225,300,000 over the same period of the preceding year, and most of the articles on which the tariff was lowered show a falling off. Tea and coffee, both on the free list, have both fallen off, while cocoa, on which the duty was reduced, has fallen off \$1,000,000 in nine months. Lemons, under an increased duty, show an increase of \$200,000. Silk dress goods, with a decreased duty, show a decrease of \$1,000,000, and the importation of champagne, on which the duty was materially increased, has jumped for the nine months from \$3,900,000 to \$5,900,000." Inexorable truth is a great demolisher of free-trade futility.

The Tariff and High Prices.

It continues to be very hard to make the theory fit the facts in the contention that the tariff is responsible for high prices and increased inability of the people to buy commodities. The inquiry by the United States Senate committee has not gone far, but it has been sufficient to make it very embarrassing for Democrats who have "had it all to the tariff." Full opportunity has been given to examine witnesses, and yet, says a Washington dispatch, in single instance has a witness been found who ascribed increased prices, except in certain luxuries, including champagne, to the tariff. And the drift of foreign trade under the new law has been equally confusing to the Democratic argument. The Dispatch says: "The imports for the nine months ending with March show an increase of \$225,300,000 over the same period of the preceding year, and most of the articles on which the tariff was lowered show a falling off. Tea and coffee, both on the free list, have both fallen off, while cocoa, on which the duty was reduced, has fallen off \$1,000,000 in nine months. Lemons, under an increased duty, show an increase of \$200,000. Silk dress goods, with a decreased duty, show a decrease of \$1,000,000, and the importation of champagne, on which the duty was materially increased, has jumped for the nine months from \$3,900,000 to \$5,900,000." Inexorable truth is a great demolisher of free-trade futility.

Credit Belongs to President.

When Mr. Taft's administration opened he said unequivocally that it would be an administration run with due regard to the government's income. Almost his first executive acts were concerned with the establishment of a business system in the departments through which money could be saved to the people by foresight and strict economies. For the first time he approximated the idea of the English budget in outlining a common financial policy for the different cabinet members.

Thus it is to the president as well as to the secretary of the treasury that the credit for the year-end surplus must go. And coming, as it does, right on top of the unprecedented long list of legislative triumphs of the administration, it must give another fillip to the upward turn in the president's popularity.

The people are just now beginning to recognize how great a man President Taft really is. He is growing in favor and strength. He has both the modesty of Lincoln and much of his quiet effectiveness; and if he continues as he has thus far done, he will stand exceptionally high in public estimation at the close of his official term.

Surplus Instead of Deficit.

The end of the first fiscal year in which Secretary Franklin MacVeagh has been in charge of the United States treasury shows that there is a surplus of \$9,402,432 in the year's ordinary receipts and expenditures. This is a record that was absolutely unexpected a year ago, when the deficit in the same item ran to \$55,734,955.

The average citizen avoids treasury statistics as consistently as possible. They have so many strings and cross-strings to them that it often takes a financial mind to find out what they really mean. Thus \$9,402,432 surplus is not an actual surplus, as the expenditures on which it is based did not include the large sums paid out for the Panama canal. With these payments included there is a real deficit of \$25,884,644, but figuring the same way it was \$15,755,920 last year. It is legitimate finance to leave the Panama payments out of the current expenditure column, because they are but temporary disbursements for which the treasury is to be reimbursed by a bond issue.

Whichever way the figures are taken, however, Mr. MacVeagh has made a wonderful record. And in it one more of the president's promises is redeemed.

The Linen Industry.

Mr. Pogue, in an address delivered before the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia, called attention to the fact that this country burns \$3,000,000 to 10,000,000 tons of flax fiber each year after extracting \$60,000,000 of linseed oil and cake. The straw that is burned if manufactured into fiber would be worth \$600,000,000. Here is an opening for a great industry in this country. There is no linen industry to amount to much at the present time but in time, if sufficiently protected, such an industry will be created here that will give employment to thousands of American workmen and produce in this country the linen which is now imported.

The Rubber Scandal.

Aldrich himself admitted in the tariff session that rubber goods could be manufactured for less in this country than in any other; yet he insisted on increasing the duty on rubber manufactured from thirty to thirty-five per cent, apparently for the direct benefit of himself, his son, the Guggenheims and a few others, who, immediately after the adjournment of congress, proceeded to organize the forty-million-dollar rubber trust and to advance the prices of all rubber articles an average of more than twenty per cent. It is not probable that Attorney General Wickes will proceed against the rubber trust under the Sherman law. At least, he proposed to repeal that law so far as it applies to railroads. But it is within the power of the people to reelect the members of congress who are responsible for the rubber outrage and the other rubber-laying devices of the tariff law.

If there is a Democratic house it will be difficult to find a Democratic statesman without a tariff bill concealed about his person. Washington Post.

WELL QUALIFIED



Squillib—That fellow over there would make a splendid magazine poet.

Squilligan—A genius, eh?

Squillib—No, but he has dyspepsia so bad that he would get so hungry living.

Clever Joke of King King.

King Edward's good nature was illustrated the other night by a London correspondent at the Press Club in New York.

"The king," said the correspondent, "was visiting Rutherford Hayes, and one morning, in company with his host, Lord Arthur Savile, he took a walk over the preserves.

Suddenly Lord Arthur, a big burly man, rushed forward and seized a shabby fellow with a dead pheasant protruding from the breast of his coat.

"Sir," said Lord Arthur to the king, "this fellow is a bad egg. This is the second time I've caught him poaching."

"But the king's handsome face beamed, and he laughed his gay and tolerant laugh.

"Oh, let him go," he said. "If he really were a bad egg, you know, he wouldn't poach."

A Protection Against the Heat.

When you begin to think it's a personal matter between you and the sun to see which is the hotter, buy yourself a glass of Coca-Cola.

It is cooling—relieves fatigue and quenches the thirst. Wholesome as the purest water and lots nicer to drink. At soda fountains and carbonated in bottles, everywhere.

Send 2¢ stamp for booklet "The Truth About Coca-Cola" and the Coca-Cola Baseball Record Book for 1910. The latter contains the famous poem "Casey At The Bat," records, schedules for both leagues, and other valuable baseball information compiled by authorities. Address The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

FIND OUT THEN.



Hicks—Some men never realize the true value of money.

Dicks—Until they try to make a touch.

WANTS HER LETTER PUBLISHED

For Benefit of Women who Suffer from Female Ills

Minneapolis, Minn.—"I was a great sufferer from female troubles which caused a weakness and broken down condition of the system. I read so much of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for other suffering women I felt sure it would help me and I must have it. It did help me wonderfully. My doctor all told me, 'My wife all tell me, I grew stronger and within three months I was a perfectly well woman.' I want this letter made public to show the benefit women may derive from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. John G. MORAN, 215 Second St., North, Minneapolis, Minn.

Thousands of unsolicited and genuine testimonials like the above prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made exclusively from roots and herbs.

Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

If you want special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. She will treat your letter as confidential. For 20 years she has been helping sick women in this way free of charge. Don't hesitate—write at once.

Remitted with success, Thompson's Eye Water

Qualified.

A prominent western attorney tells of a boy who once applied at his office for work.

"This boy was bright looking and I rather took to him."

"Now, my son," said I, "if you come to work for me you will occasionally have to write telegrams and take down telephone messages. Hence a pretty high degree of schooling is essential. Are you fairly well educated?"

"The boy smiled confidently.

"I he," he said, "Independent."

There Should.

Fritz the gardener was a stolid German who was rarely moved to extraordinary language. Even the most provocative occasions only caused him to remark mildly on his ill-luck. Not long ago he came back from the city in the late evening after a hard day in the market place. He was sleepy, and the train being crowded, the baggage man gave him a chair in his roomy car.

Finally the train reached Bloomfield. Fritz still slept as it pulled in and his friend had to shake him and tell him where he was.

"I tanks you," said Fritz, as he rose slowly to his feet. The open door of the car was directly in front of him. He walked straight out of it.

The baggage man sprang to look after him. Fritz slowly picked himself up from the sand by the side of the track, looked up at the door, and said with no wrath in his voice:

"There should have been steps."

—St. Paul Dispatch.

He Knew the Kind.

Little Edward, aged four, was an only child. He was anxious for a baby sister, and was talking of it one day with a friend of the family. In the friend's family was a baby girl of one year. The lady said, "Edward, you may have my baby; she is pretty and sweet."

"Oh," said Edward, "I don't want an old baby. I want a brand-new one without any but talcum powder." Red Hebe.

Mathematical Request.

Little Mary, eleven years old, was saying her prayers. And, God, she petitioned at the close, "make seven times six forty-eight."

"Why, Mary, why did you say that?" asked her mother.

"Cause that's the way I wrote it in zanification in school today, and I want it to do right." Lippincott's.

Taking Father's Job.

"Why should you beg? You are both young and strong."

"That is right, but my father is old and weak and can no longer support me." Megendorfer-Blaetter.

Hungry Little Folks

find delightful satisfaction in a bowl of toothsome Post Toasties.

Post Toasties

When the children want lunch, this wholesome nourishing food is always ready to serve right from the package without cooking, and saves many steps for mother.

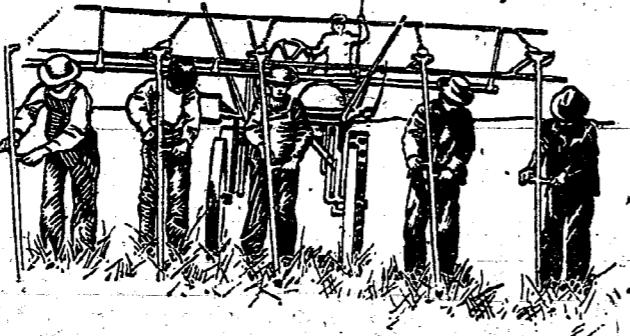
Let the youngsters have Post Toasties—superb summer food.

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Co., Limited, Suite 600, Michigan.

CULTIVATE SUGAR BEETS WITH ELECTRICAL HOES

More Depends Upon Physical Condition of Soil and Methods of Cultivation Than Upon Particular Kind of Soil.



Cultivating Beets With Electrical Hoes.

In the United States there are fifty-seven sugar-beet factories working three months each year, grinding, boiling and squeezing the sugar out of nearly forty thousand tons of beets every working day, but this does not near fill our wants. These facts ought to be encouraging to beet-growers.

Thorough cultivation is an important factor in producing good sugar beets. It is a common saying among Germans that: "the sugar must be hood into the beet."

In no time of its life should a sugar beet be allowed to stop growing for if it once becomes stunted it is doubtful whether it will ever make a good beet as it would have been under conditions of continuous growth.

Another way the beet has been improved is by increasing its sugar content. This has been done without increasing the size of the beet.

If a largely increased yield of beets is combined with a much higher sugar content it is entirely possible to obtain three times as much sugar per acre as is produced on an average at the present time.

BEST VALUES IN FERTILIZER

Should Be First and Last Consideration of Farmer in Replacing Plant Food Taken From Soil.

The farmer when buying commercial fertilizers to replace the plant food taken from his soil by previous crops, should consider first the agricultural value of the fertilizer, not chemical values on paper nor low prices. It is, of course, to the farmer's interest to get the best fertilizer he can for the least money, which fact is also paramount with the dealer.

In some cases out of ten, however, the dealer-handling fertilizers ends up by buying those lowest in price, regardless of the quality and, when selling these to the farmers who do not know what constitutes the best value in fertilizers, also may be saving the farmer a dollar or two on his purchase, but, unless the fertilizer possesses the agricultural value, that is, the ability of the fertilizer to produce the best results in the field, it is a question whether the dealer or farmer have benefited themselves.

The dealer or local merchant succeeds depends on the agricultural products of a community, and it is to his interests, as well as to the farmer's, to produce as heavy a yield, of as good a quality as possible.

The farmer should make a study of fertilizers, familiarize himself with what constitutes the best value, and when he demands a fertilizer of this kind from the dealer, the latter will be compelled to disregard mere financial gain and to study the agricultural value of fertilizers for the benefit of his customers and buy fertilizers only from those concerns manufacturing fertilizers possessing the highest agricultural value, consistent with their facilities.

The analytic paper does not decide the agricultural value, neither does the three, two fertilizers of similar analyses not necessarily have the same agricultural value, nor soil for the same money, neither are the prices comparable as determining which of the two is the most economical, unless the quality of the raw material used in each is known. For instance, the fertilizer made of combinations of rock phosphate, muriate, leather, wool, kainit and filler, might show a good analysis on paper,

but lots of new, green grass the sheep business seems to nearly take care of itself at this time of the year, but attention to little things pays at all times.

Keeping Sheep.

With lots of new, green grass the sheep business seems to nearly take care of itself at this time of the year, but attention to little things pays at all times.

Princess Rospioglio.

There is much the head lettuce should not be grown in many regions where it is a rarity. This is especially true in the home gardens. Why not stake off a few square yards and have a kind of sand applied and mixed with the soil if it is clayey? Manure and sand will put any soil in good condition to grow head lettuce.

Kale Lettuce.

Her marriage to Mr. Pittsburgh was valid, and hence her second marriage to Prince Rospioglio is null and void.

The princess was born in New Orleans in 1870.

EVERY WOMAN HAS 4 SOULS

Noted Massachusetts Educator Warns Parents to Guard Daughters From Religions.

Greely, Col.—Girls turning sixteen are irreligious, according to Dr. G. Stanley Hall, professor of psychology at Clark University, Worcester, Mass., lecturing at the summer normal school here. Hence it is explained, that they are devoted to rats, puffs, Psycho knots, fudge, giggles and other ephemeral things.

"The budding girl is as baffling a problem as the soul of woman," said Doctor Hall, "and the world now knows that instead of no soul at all, woman has one, two, three or even four, more than man."

"The young girl is absolutely irreligious in her nature. She is myopic, seeing the immediate present, whereas a boy looks into the future. Her life is all emotion and for that reason a certain religious fervor is likely to appeal to her. She should be protected from professional religionists."

World's Limit in Population.

Washington.—It has been estimated that the fertile lands of the globe amount to 25,000,000 square miles, the steppes to 14,000,000 and the deserts to 1,000,000. Fixing 207 persons to the square mile for fertile lands, 10 for steppes and one for deserts, as the greatest population that the earth could properly nourish, the conclusion has been reached that when the number of inhabitants reaches about 6,000,000,000, our planet will be peopled to its full capacity. If the rate of increase shown by recent census figures should be uniformly maintained, it is thought the globe would be fully peopled about the year 2022.

Construction of means of which three horses are on one side of the tongue and one on the other side.

Frequent inquiries are received for

aveners for three and four horses.

The above diagram shows the con-

HAS REACHED CENTURY MARK

Mrs. Samantha Stanton Nells, at Age of One Hundred, is Still Active and Strong.

Naples, N. Y.—Mrs. Samantha Stanton Nells of Naples is one of the very few real daughters of the American Revolution. Recently she observed her one hundredth birthday and as she is still active and strong she gives every indication of living many more years of her already useful and happy life. Mrs. Nells was born in Fairfield, Herkimer county, January 5, 1810. Her maiden name was Samantha Stanton and her father was

"In my Father's house are many mansions."

Too much can hardly be made of the fact that heaven, in a very important sense, in its essential elements, is here and now. Nevertheless, there is, of course, a life hereafter beyond this world, a life eternal in Emmanuel's land. There is a place where Christ is, a place which He told His disciples He would prepare for their final abode. What should be our attitude toward it, our feeling about it? What use can we profitably make of it in the deepening of our spirituality, the perfecting of our character?

It is a test both of our faith and our faithfulness. In proportion to the vigor of our faith will be the clearness of our sight of the things unseen by mortal eye, our realization of the intangible. We may have a faith so strong that there will be no more doubt as to the reality of that world than of this, no hesitation whatever in accepting the intimations concerning it which are found in the written Word, no question as to the satisfying solidity of its joys, the permanency of the rich possessions to which it introduces the redeemed. What will give us this faith? Our faithfulness to God and duty, our living constantly in His presence, our cultivating those faculties which apprehend the things of the spirit. "The doctrine of immortality," it has been well said, "is an achievement and can be present in power only as the issue of that spiritual growth whose flower and fruit it is to be." If we would achieve certainty about it we must live that it alone stands as the interpretation and consummation of our days. We must habitually cherish such convictions in our soul, must breathe such a high spiritual atmosphere, must walk so closely with the infinite one, with the Heavenly Father, in our daily experience that no other outcome of our being than its blessed continuance beyond death will seem in any way reasonable or possible. Such is the only path to perfect peace in this matter. How can a man of evil life really believe in the hereafter? How can he who is living wholly or mainly, or even largely for this passing world obtain or retain a firm hold on the fact that there is another world more important a palace to which this is but a portico? He could not live as he does if he did not believe. His choosing that kind of life inevitably destroys or destroys his power of belief in anything better by and by. We know as to the future what we are capable of knowing. If we would know more we must be more. If we would see further into the future we must live at a higher elevation. This, and not seances or table movements or supposed materializations of the spirits of the departed, is the way to get solid ground under one's feet as to the other world.

The papal tribunal has decided that Elijah Stanton, who served over six years in Washington's army, being one of his bodyguards. He died in Eatonville, Herkimer county, May 21, 1849, and his body is buried in the Eatonville cemetery. Last week the Daughters of the American Revolution put over his grave a suitable marker, and the brave deeds of this Herkimer county hero will not be forgotten by future generations. Samantha Stanton was married to John Nells in 1830 and for a few years they resided in Alleghany county, then settled near Naples, where Mrs. Nells has resided for over sixty years. Her husband died in 1871. Four children were born to the couple Levi, Samari, Warren and Marshall. Of them only Warren survives and he resides with his mother in Naples. The nearest relative in Herkimer county to Mrs. Nells is Irving Eaton, an honored resident of the Little Falls. Mrs. Nells is a member of the Astrogen Chapter, D. A. R., of Little Falls. The members of that body take considerable interest in her and are always solicitous for her health and happiness.

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Crawford Avalanche.

O. PARNER, Editor and Proprietor.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.
One Year..... \$1.50
Six Months..... 75
Three Months..... 40
Entered as second-class matter at the Postoffice
of Muskegon, Mich., under the Act of Congress
of March 3, 1893.

GRAYLING, THURSDAY, AUG. 4.

Home Circle Department

A column dedicated to Tired Mothers as they join the Home Circle at Evening Tide.

Crude thoughts as they fall from the Editorial Pen—Present Evening Reveries.

Waste neither time, money, talent or opportunity.

What is learned in the cradle is carried to the grave.

True ladyhood is heightened rather than lessened by housewifery traits.

A clean, well aired and well managed home results in good natured inmates.

The best sauce for any meat is cheerfulness. Never grumble while eating; laughter aids digestion.

Try to give your children the memory of a sweet and joyous childhood. It will make your memory tender and precious to them long after you have passed from earth and it will make better men and women. The childhood of their own children will be made happier by it. There is no more sorrowful memory than that of an unhappy, uncared for childhood.

The child who will be most courteous through life is the child who has been treated with courtesy, who has spent the formative years of life in a sweet and genial atmosphere, and been molded not so much by military rules brusquely enforced as by the genial influence of serene tempers and the blessedness of good examples.

Repose of Manner.

Our great-grandmothers taught their daughters that "repose of manner" was the first requisite of true propriety. No well-bred lady would let in company put her hands to her face, toss her head or finger her buttons. If she talked she did it in a soft voice and without gesticulation, no matter how many rings she wore or how pretty her hands might be. She was taught even to control her features, that smiling and winking the eyes and twitching the mouth were not "in," and that they could and should be intermitted in polite society. In sitting neither the knees nor the feet were to be crossed, rocking wretchedly vulgar yawning and stretching were unspeakable offenses and above all, the hands must be crossed or folded in the lap and kept there.

We plead for at least a partial resumption of the old forms. Let mothers once more teach their girls to sit still in company, to cultivate calmness. Let our women learn to carry on earnest conversation in subdued tones and without gesticulation.

Boys, Never Swear.

It is vulgar, altogether too low, for a decent boy.

It is foolish. Want of decency is want of sense.

It is cowardly—imploring a tear or not being believed or obeyed.

It is contemptible—forgetting the respect of all the wise and good.

It is indecent, offensive to delicate, and extremely unfit for human ears.

It is mean. A boy of high moral standing would almost as soon steal a sheep as swear.

It is abusive to the mind which conceives the oath to the tongue which utters it, and to the person whom it is aimed.

It is venomous showing a boy's heart to be a nest of vipers, and every time he swears one of them attacks out his head.

It is wicked—violating the divine law and provoking the displeasures of Him who will not hold him guiltless who takes His name in vain.

It is ungentlemanly. A gentleman, according to Webster, is a gentleman, well-bred, refined. Such a man will no more swear than go into the street to throw mud with a chimney sweep.

When Marriage is a Failure.

When there is too much latelikay. When dinner is not ready at dinner time.

When either of the parties marry for money.

When the watchword is "Each for himself."

When children are obliged to claim or for their rights.

When neither husband and wife take a vacation.

When "he" suores the loudest while "she" kindles the fire.

When the vacations are taken by one side of the house only.

When the children are given the neck and back of the chicken.

When a man attempts to tell his wife what kind of a kouen she must wear.

When one of the parties engages in business that is not approved by the other.

When politeness, fine manners and kindly attentions are reserved for company or visits abroad.

When a man's Christmas presents to his wife consist of bootjacks, and shirts and gloves for himself.

When the money that should go for a book goes for what only one side of the house knows anything about.

When the lord of creation pays more for cigars than his better half does for hosiery, boots and bouquets.

When both parties persist in arguing over a subject upon which they never have nor never can think alike.

When "father" takes half of the pie and leaves the other half for the one that made it and her eight children.

Child of sorrow, knowest thou not that beyond the clouds there is always light, and that all night long the stars are in the sky. The bright green heart of spring maybe is beneath the deepest snows. Look up, the sweet tomorrow may cause a forgetting of the disappointment of today. The sun goes down and the seas ebb away to rise again. Remember that only the highest mountains rise above the clouds and that around the heaviest cross is hung the prize—the brightest crown.

The Best Hour of Life

is when you do some great deed or discover some wonderful fact. This hour came to J. R. Pitt, of Rocky Mt. N. C., when he was suffering intensely, as he says, "from the worst cold I ever had. I then proved to my great satisfaction, what a wonderful Cold Dr. King's New Discovery is, for after taking one bottle I was entirely cured." You can't say anything too good of a medicine like that. The surest and best remedy for diseased lungs, Headaches, Lungs, Asthma, Hay Fever and Throat, Lung, Pleurisy, &c. \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by A. M. Lewis & Co.

The Cow.

The dairy cow, if able to express herself in a way which the human family would comprehend, might well lay claim to being man's best friend. She might establish such a claim by calling attention to the fact that from her product and from her carcass man manufactures more of the necessities of life than from any other similar source. She furnishes these necessities to him from infancy until such a time as temporal things are no longer associated with his existence, and she does it ungrudgingly and constantly.

In addition to contributing to man's necessity and his pleasure, the prosperity of an agricultural community is more closely identified with her than with any other of the domestic animals. The horse is quite essential in tilling the soil, but where necessity requires it the sturdy son of the cow can take his place, as he has done in every agricultural section on earth.

The horse can only furnish labor and can only return a profit to his owner when conditions are right for returning satisfactory grain crops. It is a well known fact that the dairy cow is the salvation of the farmer in times of poor crops as she is able to convert the rough crops which are never a total failure into dairy products which always have a market.

In addition she furnishes milk with butter and milk for the calves, pigs, poultry and fertility for the soil, with

which a farm becomes less valuable each year and the whole country less prosperous.

The elimination of the dairy cow would necessitate an almost revolutionary readjustment of man's tastes and requirements. It would mean untold suffering and hardship. Of course she will not be dispensed with, but her value can perhaps best be appreciated by contemplating such a loss.

She will continue to be man's best friend as long as the human family exists and will keep on supplying him with his greatest needs just as she has done through all the ages.

THE NATIONAL DAIRY UNION.

Soldiers and Sailors Reunion.

The annual reunion of the Soldiers and Sailors Association of Northern Michigan, will be held at West Branch September 13, 14 and 15, 1910. The G. A. R. earnestly desire that the citizens of West Branch join with them in making this a royal good time. As it has been seven years since West Branch has had any thing in the way of celebration, we hope the Business Men's Association can set their way clear to thoroughly demonstrate to the surrounding country that West Branch is the hustling center of northern Michigan. By order of Ex. Committee.

Strawberries—Five To The Foot.

George Durance, Charlevoix County Western Michigan, picked 7,512 boxes of big, luscious strawberries from 1/2 acre and a half of ground this year, and he sold these at 12½ cents a box, a total of \$939. He also sold from the same patch, 98 crates of small berries at \$1.25, a total of \$122.50. His total income from strawberries was therefore \$1,061.50, which is a return at the rate of \$70.66 to the acre. The above pictured berries were part of the 1910 pick. Two cases of equally fine berries have been put in a preserving solution for the purpose of being a part of the 1910 Western Michigan exhibit at the Chicago Land Show. The picture showed 5 berries side by side measuring 12 inches.

John Q. Ross in the Race.

John Q. Ross, attorney of Muskegon, has been put forward by the business men of the Ninth Congressional District as a candidate for the nomination of Lieutenant-governor on



JOHN Q. ROSS.

the Republican ticket. He was the first president of the West Michigan Development Association, was president of the Muskegon Chamber of Commerce and organized a company which set out enormous orchards in Muskegon County. His friends say he has always been active for the public good and that he is not in a combination with any other candidate nor with any other interest than that of the Commonwealth.

To the Republican Electors of the County of Crawford:

I desire to announce my candidacy for the office of Prosecuting Attorney on the Republican ticket to be nominated at the primary election, September 6th, 1910. If nominated I will use my very best effort to give you a faithful and capable administration.

Respectfully soliciting your support,
FRANK G. WALTON.

A Friend of the Farmer.

The farmers of Michigan have had a friend, an uncompromising friend, in Senator Burrows. The senator is not forced to exploit this friendship, or to let it upon mere association. The record is an open book and can be read and known of all men.

It is a standing challenge, an eloquent declaration, of the faithfulness and strength of that friendship. It shows that at every opportunity Senator Burrows has been the open and avowed champion of the farmers' interests in the halls of congress, and that he has effectively framed and promoted legislation calculated to protect American farm products and the farmer himself in the enjoyment of

equitable and constitutional rights. He has stood for and voted for measures to ameliorate his condition, to make farm life more comfortable and convenient to make work upon the farm more intelligent through the dissemination of literature and for the establishment, broadening and efficiency of a great department of agriculture. His efforts and vote aided materially in making the head of this department a cabinet officer. His support in committees and upon the floor added greatly to the establishment of the general mail-delivery system. His greatest work however, has been in connection with the framing of protective tariff measures. The impartial historian will some day properly set out his work in this connection and it will reveal that, first and foremost, he kept in mind the interests of the American farmer and the American artisan. There can be no possible reason why a Michigan farmer or a Michigan leader should vote against him in the primaries of September.

Well, there he was. We just stared at each other. I was so furious that I should see me looking as I did that I glared at him as though it was every bit his fault—and he was so amazed that he stood there with his mouth open.

I suppose he was mentally digesting forever of the fair-haired, lovely girl and thinking his stars that I had refused him. Anyhow, neither of us had sense enough to speak and when I came to I rushed on, simply bolling with wrath. Or all the people in the room last that morning. When a person has an ideal of you it is perfectly dreadful to see it go to smash before your eyes.

It was buring the lace as though I intended to go out and commit suicide immediately afterward when the woman next at the counter looked up and spoke. She was my immediate predecessor with Jim. I've always expected of him he would see about your trunk. I have something very special to tell you."

"So've I!" snarled Ted.

Arabella, looking at them both, set her soft mouth in lines of exasperation. Two devoted young men were well enough, but when one was to be bridesmaid in two days—

Then she gave a sort little gurgle of relief and flew with outstretched hands toward a third young man who was passing. It was Edwards, who also had been much in evidence during her visit.

"Oh, Mr. Edwards!" she cried. "I am so relieved to see you!" Then she told him about the missing trunk.

"And has nobody done anything?" queried Edwards, wincing. Ted and Arthur with a look. "I'll go at once, and you'd better come to see about identifying it and getting the check and all that!"

"Indeed will!" cried Arabella with cheerful alacrity.

She disappeared with Edwards, who eventually steered her to the train through a gate far from the watchful eyes of the desperate two who had started out with her. They never laid eyes on her again and Ted even shook his fist wildly at the end of the train as it pulled out.

"I'll get even with you for this!" he hissed at Arthur.

"Remember, I'm not done with you!" roared that young gentleman furiously. Then they turned their backs on each other and walked away in opposite directions.

So Edwards was the only one who got the coveted farewell talk and the promise to write.

Arabella, on the speeding train, promptly forgot all three of them in planning new conquests two days later when she should be bridesmaid.

Poor Teeth of German Children.

Dr. Jesson reports the astounding fact that out of a total of 100,000 school children from the different German states from 8 to 19 years of age, 80 per cent were found to have diseased teeth and that practically only one per cent had normal healthy mouths.

The young married woman considered, "How'd it be if I just carried her along?" If I see any one coming I can dash into a store and put them on!

TAKING NO MORE RISKS

With amazement in her looks the young man who was visiting watched her hostess. The latter deliberately buttoned out her best Paris batings and a fresh pair of white gloves. Then she brushed her new tailor suit.

"Why," gasped the young woman who was visiting, "I thought you said you were just going to run around the corner to the grocery and here you are putting on all your afternoon tea clothes!"

"You are mistaken," said her hostess firmly. "Heretofore I have had best clothes, and second-best clothes, and rainy-day garments, but from now on I shall have one outfit and that my best! I made my mind up to that after last Wednesday."

"You see, I had a dressmaker in the house and was attired in a kimono and my hair was on the verge of tumbling down from my frantic endeavors to help sew. I can sit absolutely still and just sew, and in an hour I will look like a worse wreck than I would if I had gone through a bargain sale fight. At that precise moment Miss Downs discovered that she had to

have a yard and a half more lace and I had to go downtown to get it.

"Since it was just before luncheon time I figured that all the women who intended to go downtown that morning had already gone and it was too early for me to meet any of them returning, so I shouldn't run into a soul I will. It wasn't worth while to make a careful toilet."

"I noticed that my face needed powdering and my hair needed doing up and curling. In short, I looked a sight, all tan ends and with a worried frown between my eyebrows. Still, I got into an old suit that need not pressing badly and didn't change the shabby pumps I had on that were all scuffed at the toes. I found after all scalped at the toes. I found after all

the baggage man reproachfully "Oh, it must be there!" she told him sweetly.

The baggage man bestowed on her a bored and glacial stare. He jerked his cap more absent and out of one corner of his mouth murmured: "But it ain't!"

Arabella turned upon her escort a dewy and helpless glance and they sprang to the rescue.

"But why isn't it here?" thundered Ted Ashmun as fiercely as was compatible with five feet seven inches of height.

"I'll see about this!" Arthur Foster claimed in threateningly.

"Something must be done," Arabella suggested with astounding practicality. "I wouldn't lose that trunk for worlds. I've simply got to have it, for I'm to be bridesmaid day after tomorrow and my dress..."

"Ted, Arthur suggested finally, "I have an idea. You go and telephone the express company and ask what they mean. Tell them we've got to have the trunk. Tell them—"

"Don't you think," Ted broke in craftily, "that you'd better go yourself? I might forget some of those things."

The two gazed at each other suspiciously. Plainly neither intended to be shooed out of the game, leaving his rival to undisputed enjoyment of the last few precious minutes with Arabella. This was complimentarity but annoying to one who desired her trunk above all things.

"Oh, something must be done!" Arabella repeated. "Please go!"

They both looked at her eagerly, but so comprehensively was her glance that it was not possible to tell which of them she preferred to get rid of. Therefore each set his jaw more firmly and made no motion to go. Each, in fact, donned an expression significantly regret at the continued presence of the other when he so obviously should have been hastening away in search of the lost baggage. Both looked pained that any man should so far ignore common courtesy and chivalry.

"Arabella," began Arthur, turning his back on Ted. "I wanted to tell you—"

"You see, I expected to tell you when I told you good-by," interrupted Arabella, leaning against Arthur's shoulder.

"But where," burst out the distracted young woman. "Is my trunk? Why wouldn't you tell me?"

"Well, there he was. We just stared at each other. I was so furious that I should see

Crawford Avalanche.

GRAYLING, THURSDAY, AUG. 4

Local and Neighborhood News.

Take Notice.

The date following your address on this paper shows to what time your subscription is paid. Our terms are \$1.50 per year IN ADVANCE. If your time is up, please renew promptly. A X following your name means we want our money.

All advertisements, communications, correspondence, etc., must reach us by Tuesday noon, and can not be considered later.

Order your coal of Salling, Hanson Co. Prices low, and prompt delivery.

Let me quote you a price on Royal or Asbestos Roofing, put on. F. R. Deckrow.

Beech and Maple Block Wood for furnaces. Leave orders with SALLING, HANSON COMPANY.

Fine Bathroom Outfit in display window No. 400 Cedar street. F. R. Deckrow.

ESTRAYED.—Small pony, formerly owned by M. A. Bates. Please notify John Kelly.

Order your coal of Salling, Hanson Co. Prices low, and prompt delivery.

A man was down to the store a little while, Tuesday. He appears to be improving steadily, though slowly.

The "Picture Man" has been making a set of views of Salling, Hanson Co.'s lumber camp, as run by Jasper Smith, which are fine enough for any artist to be proud of.

For plastering and other mason work and estimates of work in my line, call or address Wm. Fairbotham, Grayling, Mich.

Mrs. and Miss Langevin have returned from pleasant outing at Detroit, Toledo and Columbus. They found some exceedingly hot cities and are glad to be home again.

FOR SALE—Stock, fixtures, and business of millinery store, two doors from Post Office at a bargain. The only exclusive millinery store in Grayling. Good reasons for selling. Mrs. J. E. Crowley.

In buying a cough medicine, don't be afraid to get Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. There is no danger from it, and relief is sure to follow. Especially recommended for coughs, colds and whooping cough. Sold by all dealers.

A fine Jersey heifer, running errant with the lot advertised by John Johnson last week, was killed by the cars near the Crown Chemical Co.'s plant, Saturday morning.

The only autos received here this week as far as heard from are a Buick car by Geo. L. Alexander and another by J. C. Foreman.

When the digestion is all right, there is a natural craving and relish for food. When this is lacking you may know that you need a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They strengthen the digestive organs; improve the appetite and regulate the bowels. Sold by all dealers.

No man ever got rich by trying to make others believe he was "The only," or the only one who knew anything. You cannot climb the ladder of success by reading on others' corns. Keep off the corns and don't knock. You're not the only. There are others, and they have brains, and know something as well as you do.

Be sure and take a bottle of Chamberlain's Calic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy with you when starting on your trip this summer. It cannot be obtained on board the trains or steamers. Changes of water and climate often cause sudden attacks of diarrhea, and it is best to be prepared. Sold by all dealers.

Santovar coffees are always good. If you have not tried the Santovar Southern coffee at 25 cents a pound, you have not tasted the best coffee for the price. There is done what is possible to do to save its strength and flavor and it is packed in 1 lb. tins cans. Salling-Hanson Co.

Dysentery is a dangerous disease but can be cured. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy has been successfully used in nine epidemics of dysentery. It has never been known to fail. It is equally valuable for children and adults, and when reduced with water and sweetened, it is pleasant to take. Sold by all dealers.

We think the change in the AVA-LANCHE office is an improvement. At least it will give us better light, and a tendency toward profanity when our papers are blown all over the room when the door opened will be removed.

If your liver is sluggish and out of tone, and you feel dull, listless, constipated, take a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets tonight before retiring and you will feel all right in the morning. Sold by all dealers.

Miss Edna Grouliff of Muncie, Indiana, is visiting her friends here. Instead of the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Grouliff, who left here a few years ago, we now meet a young lady to whom our young men politely raise their hats, and their prettiest bow.

Miss Ethelyn Doe and her sister Miss Dorris, of Elgin, Ill., our nieces, and granddaughters of our brother W. W., are making the editorial home brighter for their presence. Miss Doe will be remembered by many of our young people as a visitor here with her English teacher, Miss Brown, six years ago. Since which she has completed the full course in the University of Wis., receiving the A. B. degree last month, and is now seeking a little needed rest.

Not rain enough yet, but the small showers help.

Julius Nelson wants a fresh cow, worth the money that is ready for it. Mr. Scott Wiley of Chicago is in the county, looking after his interest in land.

S. R. Deckrow has the contract for the heating and plumbing in the new hospital.

Kraus' hardware has been materially brightened by a fresh paint "Joe" was the artist.

If there is a laborer or artisan in this place out of work, it is because he is sick, or does not want a job.

Carlessness in walking or driving against new made cement walks will get some body in trouble if they don't watch out.

P. L. Brown is putting in a lot of needed cement walk and crossing under the supervision of Street Commissioner Nelson.

The Farmer's Annual Picnic will be held on their grounds Thursday, August 25th. We hope to give particulars next week.

The front part of the Avalanche office has been torn up for repairs this week and its condition not conducive to good nature. It will be better soon.

Mr. M. E. Denison is the local agent of the M. & N. E. R. R. Company here. When he finds a house so he can have a home here he thinks he will be satisfied.

Highway Commissioner Peck is receiving the thanks of teamsters and farmers as well as the Auto drivers for his work on the highways leading into town.

The name of "Stephens Lumber Co." was changed to "Henry Stephens & Co." July 30th, the only change being in the name, as the officers and stockholders remain the same.

So many of our people are at their cottages at Portage Lake, and several families at Bay View, it makes the village seem lonesome except in the early evening, when they drive in for shopping and marketing.

The Manistee and N. E. R. R. sell tickets and check baggage from Grayling through to Chicago, by steamer from Manistee, on Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday, leaving Manistee at 3:45 p. m. and arriving at Chicago in time for breakfast. Fare, \$5.95 and \$1.00 for berth.

Several carloads of material for the new M. & N. E. R. R. depot have arrived to meet the mechanics who are daily expected to begin the work. The building will be of brick, 50x100 feet on the ground and modern in all its details. It will be an improvement over the box car now used for office and telegraph and telephone.

Mrs. J. H. Wingard returned from a two weeks visit with her much's family, and other friends last Tuesday. She brought with her an air plant, which grows anywhere without earth or water, if protected from frost.

Supervisor Barnes of South Branch was in town Monday, well satisfied with the world, and especially with the prospects of the Northeastern Michigan Development Co. and with the meeting of the three acting in conjunction at Cheboygan last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. B. Lowry of Brooklyn, Mich., are the guests this week of Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Fleming. Mr. and Mrs. Lowry are the parents of Mrs. Fleming. This is the first time they have visited in this part of Michigan. Mr. Lowry expresses himself as agreeably surprised at the business outlook and progressive spirit of Grayling.

Miss Ruth Barlow gave a little lawn party to nearly a score of her little folks, including her Sunday school class and a number of their friends, last Tuesday, in honor of her little cousin Miss Dorris Doe. She was assisted by Misses Ethelyn Doe, Elsie Salling and Elizabeth Langevin.

Their apparent happiness was infectious, and we would not care if the grounds and house were always filled with such a crowd.

It is said that "open confession is good for the soul," and here we are. Ever since the organization of the N. E. Mich. Free Association we have unblushingly carried the honor of being the "Dean of the Association," but at the meeting at Cheboygan last week, on grasping the hand of Comrade Ramsey, of the Tribune, a friend of more than thirty years, our consciences was so awakened, that we could not bear the burden longer, and now confess that he has seen seven more years of life, and sat in "The Editors Chair" three years longer than we, so the honor thrust upon us by the youth of the association belongs to him. We are willing to be forgiven.

A most enjoyable day was spent by some of the Ladies of the W. R. C. and their guests, Saturday, July 30th, at Mrs. Funk's farm. The ladies left on the 6:10 a. m. train and were met at Cheney with rigs which conveyed them to the farm, of which they immediately were given possession. It is needless to say that all enjoyed the chicken dinner. Mrs. Funk certainly surpassed herself as hostess. In a few well-chosen words Mrs. Wright presented Mrs. Funk with a gift from the Ladies of the W. R. C. Mrs. Funk responded in her pleasing manner. We started for home, thinking the day well spent, and a cordial invitation to come again.

Miss Ethelyn Doe and her sister Miss Dorris, of Elgin, Ill., our nieces, and granddaughters of our brother W. W., are making the editorial home brighter for their presence. Miss Doe will be remembered by many of our young people as a visitor here with her English teacher, Miss Brown, six years ago. Since which she has completed the full course in the University of Wis., receiving the A. B. degree last month, and is now seeking a little needed rest.

COMING!!

4, 5, 6, At Opera House

Poluhiu The Mystic And His Bell Ringers.

This Company comes to our city well recommended by the Opera House reporter as a clean, moral show

with an array of novelty acts secured from the best in the West. Poluhui is the man that got such a write up in Milwaukee, and St. Paul with his street drive and his Oriental Magic.

He will while here allow a Committee to drive to any place in town and write a letter and hide it and on their return he will blindfolded drive and find the letter and on his return read what they wrote while several blocks away and at no time will he touch one of the committee. He has the latest magic and carries Glen Phillips the Boy Wonder or Comedy-Juggler and Wire Walker, Miss Gertrude Baars, Musician and Clairvoyant, Ideal Swiss Bell Ringers and latest Moving Pictures and Illustrated Songs go to make up a two hour program of the highest order. The admission will be 10¢ for Children and 15¢ for adults and 25¢ for Reserved seats.

In order to prove to the people that this company has just what they advertise they will give one lady free with each Reserved seat ticket on their opening night. Seats on sale at usual place.

Struck A Rich Mine.

S. W. Bends, of Coal City, Ala., says he struck a perfect mine of health in Dr. King's New Life Pills for they cured him of Liver and Kidney Troubles after 12 years of suffering. They are the best pills on earth for Constipation, Malaria, Headache, Dyspepsia, Debility. 25¢ at A. M. Lewis & Co.

Base Ball.

The Gaylord Base Ball Team came down Thursday afternoon thinking that they could clean up on our boys. Dyer pitching a very fine game for Grayling. Score 10-5, in our favor. Then Bay City though they would do our boys, but again they proved to much for them. Dyer pitching Saturday and winning out by a score, 11-5.

Sundays game was largely attended and was a closer game. Johnson doing fine work and having good support took the game. Score Grayling 4—Bay City, 2.

Now for Manistee.

Frederic Freaks.

(To late for last week.) While the cement fever was on, it struck Jim Smith hard, he having a stop put in.

A new deputy postmaster arrived in town, but it will be a number of years before he will be qualified to act. L. W. Gardner and wife are the possessors of a new boy. All are doing well.

Mrs. Sarah Nisley of Mid is visiting her sister-in-law Mrs. Wm. Terhune.

Miss Rose Lewis is extending her visit to Lewiston and other points indefinitely.

Our lookout has had several encounters last week and from an onlooker others should have been there.

Bob Brown is making his family a visit.

Miss Rose O'Brien of Cheboygan, since closing her school in Maple Forest is making herself useful in helping to nurse her sister Mrs. Gardner in her present illness.

Art Brenner is seeing the sights in Saginaw and Detroit.

Owing to the late frosts and drought the red raspberries are scarce.

Lucky are those who have canned fruit left over.

The trains and touring cars are getting away with our dog population, B. J. Calabian being the last loser.

Owing to fire and frosts the buckles will be a short crop.

Mrs. C. D. Smith returned from her visit at Bay City, last Saturday.

Mrs. James Gibbons, a former resident, but now of Louisiana, is here with her sister Mrs. Geo. Hunter and Miss Clara Birch.

Rev. Lyons and mother occupied Mrs. Bradley's house in their absence.

has had one frightful drawback malaria trouble that has brought suffering and death to thousands. The germs cause chills, fever andague, biliousness, jaundice, lassitude, weakness and general debility. But Electric Bitters never fail to destroy them and cure malaria troubles. "Three bottles completely cure me of a very severe attack of malaria," writes Wm. A. Fretwell, of Lucama, N. C., "and I've had good health ever since." Cure Stomach, Liver and Kidney Troubles, and prevent Typhoid, Soo. Guaranteed by A. M. Lewis & Co.

Life on Panama Canal

That a clean, nice, fragrant compound like Quirk's Arnica Salve will instantly relieve bad burn, cut, scalds, and piles, staggers, aches. But great cures prove its a wonderful healer of the worst sores, ulcers, boils, felonies, eczema, skin eruptions, as also chapped hands, sprains and corns. Try it. 25¢ at A. M. Lewis & Co.

Notice of Teachers' Examination.

There will be held a teachers' examination Thursday and Friday, August 11th and 12th, at the court house in Grayling. Below is an outline of the examination. The examination on reading will be based on Reading in Public Schools by Briggs and Coffman, one of the reading circle books.

ARITHMETIC.

Commercial discounts. Commission and brokerage. Stocks and bonds. Denominate numbers, including all common measures.

Square root.

Mental arithmetic.

GRAMMAR.

1. Language lessons based on stories and pictures.

Suggestion: Give a brief description of your method of using stories and pictures in teaching language.

GRAMMAR:

Sentence analysis with special attention to complex sentence containing substantive and adverbial clauses.

Syntax, with special attention to direct and indirect objects, nouns used as adverbs, and words used independently.

Infection, with special attention of the apostrophe, formation of plurals, etc.

Rules for punctuation, special attention being given to the use of the colon and quotation marks.

GEOPGRAPHY.

Commercial geography.

A study of the world's commerce with the view of finding the needs and wants of the various regions and based upon geographic conditions, growing out of the occupations of the people.

Any recent commercial geography will serve as an outline of study, e. g. Trotter, Adams, Reday, Gannett-Garrison-Houston.

CIVICS.

How national, state and local taxes are levied and collected.

Our money system.

The power of Congress over commerce and how it is exercised.

The powers and duties of the President.

The establishment and management of public and school libraries in Michigan.

The care and management of defective, truant, and delinquent children in Michigan.

The organization and work of our State Legislature.

UNITED STATES HISTORY.

England and America.

1. England's place among the European nations in the sixteenth century.

2. Motives inciting England to exploration of the New World.

3. England and the Spanish Main.

4. England and America, 1607 to 1814.

Humanitarian, economic and social conditions in America during the years 1831-1841, 1855-1897.

The Avalanche

G. PALMER, PUBLISHER.
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

Nice and cool to fight idea!

Weather jokes are bound to be dry.

Do you think the weather man is playing to the galleries?

Meanwhile, remember that there is always some other place.

Do not argue with the contagion-spreading house fly. Swat him!

"Doing nothing" has been defined to be a lecker-on at a game of checkers.

Drownings are increasing in direct proportion to the carelessness of humanity.

It does not necessarily help any to get cold feet during this sort of weather.

You will enjoy your own outing better if you help others who are less able to get one.

A man has reached the limit of boredom when he ceases to laugh at his own witty remarks.

An airship that goes only 22 miles an hour will not make much of an appeal to the joy rider.

And after the confounded potatoes get up, every blessed cutworm turns into a blooming potato bug!

A St. Louis man claims that he never fails to swing on a car strap. A circus has an unfeeling wonder, too.

Anyway, that baseball player who while eating stabbed himself in the arm with a table fork had a wretched delivery.

The Cincinnati woman who says she will not rest until kissing has been abandoned has a weary time before her.

Anyway, the aeroplane has put an end to the plaint of the mollycoddle who was always sighing for the wings of a dove.

We've known amateur gardeners who saved an unbelievable amount of money by buying their truck at the grocery store.

A 15-ton shark has been captured near Seattle. The people are in luck that it did not scramble ashore and proceed to run for office.

It costs \$30 to ride 300 miles in the Zeppelin airship. It is hoped, however, that competition may eventually bring about a lowering of the rates.

Following recent experiments at Hammondsport, N. Y., it is gravely announced that the airplane is not very good as a man-killer in war. Who cares?

It was not until the inventor of the hoop skirt was eighty-three years old that he died. How long must we wait for news from the inventor of the hobble skirt?

Cities that are disappointed because of the census return have reason to be satisfied. Uncle Sam is as much interested in making a good showing as any particular community possibly can be.

English noblemen announces that he is willing to marry a beautiful and wealthy American girl. For once, the bit unmarried male American majority can sympathize with the British peerage.

If American heiresses who marry poor Englishmen of little are to be given the cold shoulder by the court of St. James, the circle of matrimony in this country and Great Britain will be very small.

Mulone, notorious Sicilian brigand, that name sounds queer—has been sentenced in Peru to 144 years imprisonment. It may be mentioned that Signor Mulone was tried in his absence, not having been seen since he escaped from his captors in 1906. Thus the exemplary sentence, while probably pleasing the authorities, does not hurt the signor.

The unsinkable ship may be a long way off, but she will appear some day and then such items as that which chronicled the drowning of a captain and eight men by the sinking of the steamer La Rocquelle in the English channel as a result of collision by which she was almost cut in two. The modern passenger steamer can be cut in two and floated as two pieces, and it ought to be possible to so construct ships that they will stay afloat even when severed in twain by the surgery of accident.

More earthquakes have been recorded at Washington, but they attract little attention now that Halley's comet has proved an alibi.

Germany is to have indestructible aerial warships. From earth modern progress moved the locality of battles to the sea and now it is to be moved thence to the air. It is characteristic of the perversity of human nature that the first thought of the practical adaptation of man's victory over the resources of nature should be to use this victory for the destruction of man.

When the airship passenger routes are in full operation it should be unnecessary to post signs warning passengers not to get off while the machine is in motion. But long acquaintance with the traveling public may result in keeping the sign up.

A University of Chicago professor now suggests that Venus is inhabitated, arguing that habitable conditions there are nearer this world than on any other planet. He might as well talk with the visiting professor from Mars.

WANTS FARMERS TO RAISE ALFALFA

Gov. Warner Believes It Would Be Money In Their Pockets.

IT YIELDS BOUNTIFULLY

Will Urge State Board of Agriculture to Encourage This Crop—Experiments Would Cost About \$2,000 or \$3,000.

Lansing.—Governor Warner wants the farmers of Michigan to raise alfalfa. He believes it would put money in their pockets. "It is my purpose," said the governor while in Marquette, "to urge on the joint prison boards of the state, to urge on the state board of agriculture steps to popularize among the farmers alfalfa as a fodder crop. Though the great value and utility of alfalfa have been clearly demonstrated in other states, Michigan has been slow to realize its importance, and the farmers still give up their acreage largely to the less valuable fodder crops."

"Alfalfa is the pre-eminent fodder crop. It yields bountifully compared with hay, and as its roots run deep in the ground, it nourishes in periods of drought in which hay is practically burned out. If alfalfa was generally planted in the upper peninsula, for instance, you would not hear apprehensions about the shortage of fodder expressed on every hand as you do now. The experiments I have made would cost maybe \$2,000 or \$3,000, but would be of incalculable value to the state."

The drought, Governor Warner said, has hit the Newberry Insane Asylum hard. The farm there is a large one and the produce obtained from it usually plays an important part in the maintenance of the institution. But the crops will all be short this year, owing to the unfavorable season, with the result that the cost of maintenance at the Newberry institution was next at the meeting of the joint asylum boards at Newberry at 64 cents a patient per day, exclusive of clothing, an increase of two cents over the cost for the past year. The Pontiac asylum, allowance for maintenance, was increased one cent a patient a day to 51 cents, the cost at the Kalamazoo and Traverse City asylums being left at 50 cents, the same as for the past year.

Forest Fires Stopped by Rain.

Every portion of the state with the exception of Ingham and a few counties in the upper peninsula, seems to have been blessed by rain within the last week, but the drought in the vicinity of Lansing continues and the weather forecasters predict fair weather for the next week.

State Game Warden Pierce received numerous telegrams from his deputies in the northern portion of the state informing him that hard rains had drowned out the forest fires which have been raging for the last ten days.

Delta, Dickinson and Menominee counties have not been heard from, and Mr. Pierce is of the opinion that there has been no change in the condition of those districts.

Several times within the last two weeks conditions in Dickinson county were favorable for a hard rain, but no water fell; in several places fires are doing considerable damage in that county, the fire fighters being unable to cope with the flames on account of the scarcity of water.

State Is Out of Debt.

When the office of state treasurer was opened for business the vault contained \$2,110,994.19, of which \$1,08,030.55 was credited to the general fund, and the state is absolutely out of debt.

According to Auditor General Fuller, the cost of maintaining the state government for the year which ended June 30, was only \$60,000 more than in 1908, and at the same time \$250,000 of the money borrowed when the treasury was empty a year ago has been refunded.

"The state is absolutely out of debt and it is probable that we will be able to transact business until the state taxes begin to come in next year without negotiating another loan," said Auditor General Fuller.

The unsinkable ship may be a long way off, but she will appear some day and then such items as that which chronicled the drowning of a captain and eight men by the sinking of the steamer La Rocquelle in the English channel as a result of collision by which she was almost cut in two. The modern passenger steamer can be cut in two and floated as two pieces, and it ought to be possible to so construct ships that they will stay afloat even when severed in twain by the surgery of accident.

More earthquakes have been recorded at Washington, but they attract little attention now that Halley's comet has proved an alibi.

Germany is to have indestructible aerial warships. From earth modern progress moved the locality of battles to the sea and now it is to be moved thence to the air. It is characteristic of the perversity of human nature that the first thought of the practical adaptation of man's victory over the resources of nature should be to use this victory for the destruction of man.

When the airship passenger routes are in full operation it should be unnecessary to post signs warning passengers not to get off while the machine is in motion. But long acquaintance with the traveling public may result in keeping the sign up.

A University of Chicago professor now suggests that Venus is inhabitated, arguing that habitable conditions there are nearer this world than on any other planet. He might as well talk with the visiting professor from Mars.

Marriage, Birth and Divorce Records.

That births in the state are not on the decrease is shown by the statistics for the year 1908 from the secretary of state's office. For the year there were returned a total of 64,772 births, which corresponds to an annual rate of 24.5 per 1,000 estimated population. This number is 6,173 more than was reported for 1906, and according to figures being compiled for 1909 that year will show several thousand more than any previous year.

The total number of deaths in the state for 1908 was 36,761, which corresponds to an annual death rate of 13.9 per cent. per 1,000 estimated population. For the year 1908 statistics show that from county, with a rate of 20.9 per 1,000 estimated population, had the highest death rate of any county, while Gladwin county, with a rate of 7.8 per 1,000 estimated population, had the lowest death rate.

Figures are now out showing the number of marriages for the year 1908, which was 25,765, corresponding to an annual marriage rate of 19.5 per 1,000 estimated population. It should be noted, however, that a large number of these marriages were people from other states. St. Joseph county, with the hundreds of marriages from Chicago and other places, coming in for a good share.

There were 3,020 divorces granted in the state of Michigan in 1908. This number corresponds to a rate of 2.1 per 1,000 estimated population.

Bogus Michigan License Plates.

Secretary of State Martindale of Michigan has been on vigilante watch-

for automobile owners in this state who carry a license tag on their machine other than the one sold by the state department. It has been ascertained that a number of owners are purchasing plates from other sources than the department. The state charges \$3 for a set of two plates, which bear the seal of Michi-

gan, while the bogus ones do not carry the seal, the marksmen evidently taking no chances in using it illegally. It was owing to the absence of the seal that the fake tags came to be discovered.

To Expand Phone Business.

Desiring to Incorporate for \$250,000, the Lenawee County Telephone company has filed a formal petition with the state railroad commission, accompanied by a complete inventory of the property and proposed plan of the concern to purchase the Adrian Telephone company and the property of the Michigan State Telephone company in Lenawee county. In the petition it is stated that \$100,000 in stock has already been paid in. Of this amount, \$50,000 will be used for improving the property in Adrian and the balance will be devoted to improving the property in the future.

To Probe Lighting Companies.

The proposed investigation of the

merger of the Bartlett Illumination

and the Saginaw Power company and the Eastern Michigan Power company, asked for in a petition from citizens, will be taken before the state railway commission at once. At a special meeting of committee, appointed to consider the lighting problem, a resolution was passed recommending a probe by state officers in accordance with letter received here from Charles Glasgow, of the commission. Mayor Stewart's plan of starting suit here to block sale will also be carried out.

In actual life, the various things re-

main very quiet, except for the won-

der that was expressed over the ar-

rival of special officers of the Grand

Trunk.

These number about 40 and no one at this point knows why they came. A few at a time, they arrived from Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis and St. Paul. They have several special cars and evidently came to stay. The men are in charge of C. H. Fuller, of Detroit, a special detective of the rail-

road, who placed the men on duty as soon as they arrived. The officers

were special police badges on which

are the letters "P. O."

\$90,000 for Sham Battle.

The state military department drew

on the state treasury for \$90,000 to

pay the expenses of the coming field

maneuvers of the Michigan National

guard. Members of the state military

department state at the end of this

year the deficit of \$20,000 existing six

years ago will have all wiped out

and all the financial affairs of the

military troops will be in good condition.

Food Expense of State.

Reports from the various state in-

situations filed at the executive office

for June gives a fair idea of the

amount of food stuff consumed by

those maintained at the state's ex-

pense. Last month the state bought

76,700 pounds of fresh beef, 143 bar-

rels of flour, 26,855 pounds of butter,

10,980 bushels of potatoes and 10,988

dozen fresh eggs.

Incorporations.

The following companies have filed

articles of incorporation with the sec-

retary of state: Sheldon Metal com-

pany, Detroit, \$50,000; Landol Chem-

ical company, Detroit, \$10,000; Leland

Stockholders, E. J. Burton, Detroit;

Frederick W. Plumer and Fred H.

Mears.

Two Companies Increase Capital.

The following companies have filed

articles of incorporation with the sec-

retary of state: Acma Investment com-

pany, Detroit, increase from \$5,000 to

\$20,000; J. D. McLaren company, Ply-

mouth, increase from \$50,000 to

\$100,000.

Next Republican State Convention.

Lansing is making an effort to se-

ure the next Republican state con-

vention and its only contenders are

Detroit, Grand Rapids and Saginaw.

A meeting of the Republican state

central committee has been called by

State Chairman Gerrit J. Diekema and

it will be held in the Morton house at

Grand Rapids.

At that time the matter of the date

and place for the Republican state

convention will be taken up, and there

may be some discussion of the propo-

sition for a platform.

Commission to Investigate Wreck.

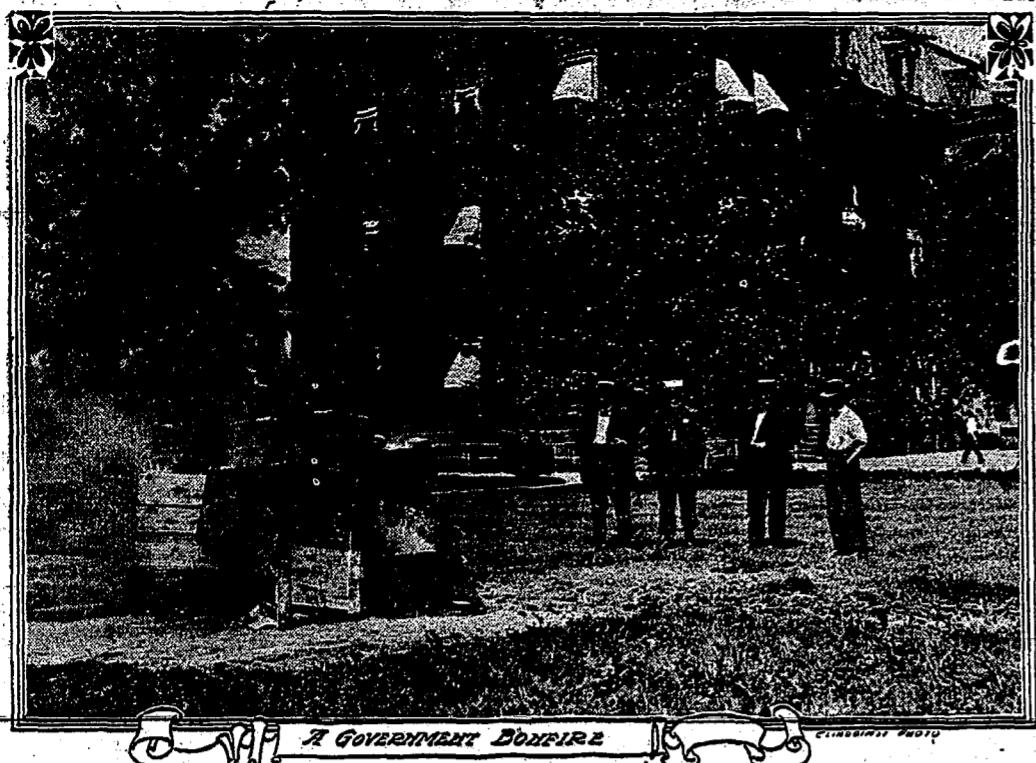
The state railway commission will

ask W. S. Brown, superintendent of

the Michigan Central lines, to have

Con

BURNIN' UP BOGUS DRUGS AND FOODS



Washington.—Persons in the vicinity of the department of agriculture building the other day were attracted by a novel bonfire that was being conducted by Uncle Sam. Officials of the department were cremating thousands of dollars' worth of adulterated or misbranded drugs and foods that had been purchased by their agents in the open market in different parts of the United States. In each case reports were made and the manufacturers were taken to task by the department of agriculture and warned that repetition of the offense would result in prosecution.

STEP IN CHEMISTRY

Progressing Very Close to the Secret of Life.

Physical Function of Green Plants Reproduced—Synthesis Made by New Physics Presented by Venerable Prof. Jungelsch.

Paris.—The Academy of Sciences was startled at a recent meeting by the announcement of a great step forward that has been made in the chemistry and physics of living things. It is not a laboratory creation of life or in any way the transformation of inorganic matter into an organism. But it is the laboratory production of chemical substances which in nature are produced by living things exclusively—and by the same physical process which living things employ.

More than half a century ago the famous Berthelot won his renown as the greatest living chemist by this compounding of what naturally are organic products, from inorganic matter—the synthesis of organic compounds. His son, Daniel Berthelot, has now made the synthesis by nature's own process—"chlorophyll assimilation." This is the physical function exercised by green plants in sunlight, namely, the transforming of carbon existing as a mineral into carbon existing in an organic state.

Plants do this, by feeding on air; they get the material which they transform from the carbonic acid and water vapor of the air around them. The organic compounds of carbon which plants produce serve as food for higher living beings. Without this chlorophyll function of plants, which thus assimilate the carbon of our atmosphere, there is no life on our globe. Now this chlorophyll assimilation has been reproduced artificially by Daniel Berthelot and his assistant, Henri Gauduchon, in all its fundamental action.

For this purpose they use purely physical means and no chemical reaction. Under the influence of the ultra-violet rays produced by a mercury vapor lamp, they have obtained exclusively from the air, that is, from its carbonic acid and water vapor, a number of organic compounds. They have thus accomplished the synthesis of ternary compounds, beginning with methyl aldehyde, whose condensation gives sugars and starches, and they have gone on to the synthesis of quaternary compounds, beginning with formic amide—and this is the very starting point of those albuminoid bodies which are the basis of protoplasm or living matter.

This means that we have come close up to Huxley's physical basis of life. We have not overstepped the dividing line between living and non-living things. Nature has still a process by which these carbon compounds enter into the colloid, automatically assimilating state; and this is the resultant of their own assimilation by the living cell. This, too, is physical, like everything in nature—but whether the process shall be eternally limited to the cell itself—comes vivum ex vivo—is still the mystery of life. Daniel Berthelot's discovery does not touch it.

The new discovery marks an epoch in science for another reason. The

to foresee how far the new road will lead.

Wonderful Mexican Gun.

City of Mexico.—Gen. Manuel Montgron, chief of the department of artillery, has secured a patent for an improvement in his Porfirio Diaz gun, by which the velocity of the projectiles will be given a maximum above that produced by the guns used by any other army in the world. This improvement, it is said, makes the Mexican gun superior to the Mauser, which is used in the Mexican army at present, as well as in the armies of several European countries.

No More "Short" Potatoes.

New York.—Clement J. Driscoll, commissioner of weights and measures, has notified members of the local branch of the National League of Commission Merchants that after a date to be agreed upon later there shall be no short measure potato barrels in Greater New York.

CAT CAUSES UPROAR

Panic Ensues Among Musicians When Kitten Takes Stroll.

Little Black and Gray Feline Walked Inquisitively Across Stage at Denver During Opening Concert of Musical Festival.

Denver, Colo.—When the little black and gray cat strolled inquisitively about at the Auditorium during the opening concert of the musical festival, she distracted the attention of the audience, and of the musicians and of the singer, but she never knew how near her little excursion came to causing one man to swoon with terror.

Emil Oberhofer, leader of the Minneapolis orchestra, related the incident to Festival Manager James A. Thorpe while he was waiting for his train to pull out.

"The little cat came out just as Norelli finished singing, we played the closing bars and the intermission began. Anxious to know what was the matter with my oboe player I walked over to him. He was sitting limply in his chair. His hands wagged feebly at me as I begged him to explain. Was he ill? Did he think he could go on that evening? What in heaven's name was the matter?"

"I'm superstitious about cats," he gasped. "I'll be all right now that she's gone."

"Yes, but what were you doing with your fingers?" I insisted.

"I was trying to play and cross myself at the same time."

"I saw the little feline begin her cutting among the feet of the musicians. I noticed her as she sauntered among the palms and ferns on the platform. I quaked as she rubbed against the skirt of the singer. I bolted when she made the audience shudder."

"But I almost fell from my stand when I noticed one of my men. It was the oboe player, an Italian, and one of the best performers in the company."

"He was deathly pale. He moved uneasily upon his chair. He shuffled his feet. His eyes would leave his music and travel beseethingly toward the chandelier. I couldn't take my eyes from him."

"Then I noticed his fingers. They appeared to be engaged in an act of truancy. One second they would slip from the instrument and the next they would leap quickly back. Once his whole hand darted swiftly to his bosom and as quickly regained its position upon the instrument. And all the time his eyes, body and feet kept up their strange disorder."

Machines Take Place of Girls in Model Dairy Where Japs Once Were Employed.

Seattle, Wash.—One of the model dairies in this state, near North Yakima, has received a shipment of modern milking machines, and 50 white-trousered girls are thrown out of employment. The girls had been doing the milking for several years, having displaced Japanese, who were found to be unhygienic. Each girl wore a tight-fitting pair of trousers and a short-sleeved jacket to match. The garments were belted and starched each day in the farm laundry.

Probably there never were farm animals kept so clean as are the cows on this farm. Each cow is bathed in warm water and soap twice daily, combed and brushed. The floors of the dairy barn are scrubbed many times daily, and every precaution taken against germs.

The newly acquired machines are

and the little cat roamed serenely about.

"My oboe player was approaching the point in the accompaniment at which he was to execute several arpeggios. They are beautiful and quite an essential part of the composition. I wondered whether he would disgrace our orchestra by missing them."

"I watched him like a hawk and my concentration must have influenced him. For he played the runs well and the orchestra was saved."

"Meantime the cat disappeared. Norelli finished singing, we played the closing bars and the intermission began. Anxious to know what was the matter with my oboe player I walked over to him. He was sitting limply in his chair. His hands wagged feebly at me as I begged him to explain. Was he ill? Did he think he could go on that evening? What in heaven's name was the matter?"

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Captain John Fendt of Hamburg-American Liner Pallanza Celebrates His Record.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Capt. John Fendt of the Hamburg-American liner Pallanza the other day celebrated on his vessel at Washington avenue wharf his one hundred and seventy-fifth voyage across the North Atlantic. During that time he has never met with a serious mishap and has been the recipient of many medals given by the German and American governments.

He began his seafaring life as a whaler and abandoned that industry to go in command of steam craft. The Pallanza was dressed with flags of many lands and the veteran master mariner received many friends who called to congratulate him.

New Kensington, Pa.—Accused of spitting tacks, B. L. Milligan was fined eight dollars by Justice of the Peace Reynolds Laughlin. When tacking up advertising matter Milligan bit his mouth with tacks. After the completion of each job he has been in the habit of spitting out the remaining tacks. J. L. Cryder, an automobile owner, picked up some of the tacks and caused Milligan's arrest.

An Enthusiast.

"Yes, he went crazy over golf."

"Sad, sad."

"Oh, no great harm done. They have links at the asylum. He's playing a better game than ever now."

Reputation Counts.

Reputation is what enables you to go along in the world when you have not any character.—Pete.

Designed to draw the milk by a pumping method, power for which is supplied by a gasoline engine.

It is said the machine will be able to do the work of ten girls, and do it in a more hygienic way. The milking girls donned skirts and are employed in packing peaches and pears in the irrigated orchards near by.

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ONLOOKER

WILBUR D. NESBIT

DRAWBACKS TO DIPLOMACY

Count von Kiekratten was a splendid diplomat.

He could win a battle in an hour or so of chat.

He could soothe a neighbor who had been aroused to ire,

And thus answer softly a message filled with fire—

But, alas! he suffered from a wart upon his ear,

and of course that ended all his promising career.

Senor don Gazillo was as crafty as could be.

He could soon convince that the half of two was three,

But he—what a pity!—was an eye composed of glass,

And thus soon discovered that the senior's

day must pass;

Diplomatic circles all are mourning over the loss,

But his eye was tempting for a fly to walk across,

Lord Dumbodle glittered as a man of intellect.

In negotiations he was always circumspect,

He could frame a treaty that would all concerned,

Yet would be one-sided when the trick was turned—

But unfortunately he was ruddy as to nosiness and belle-les-

Earl Keekles, he is a jester, a man of craft.

His official letters you could designate as ho-ho,

But he knows the twistiest and laziest ways to do things,

And they say he's brilliant when it comes to choosing wifey!

All the courts of Europe now are ringing with his fame,

For he's made a winning at the diplomatic game.

Old Viscount Billington was a man of a man of craft.

He could stab a foeman who'd not know he was gassed,

He could end a wrinkle with a gentle spoken word,

And when he was fiercest then he simply sat and purred.

But above his budget he was hung a mourning wreath,

For you know the viscount was quite desirous of tooth of teeth.

The Modern Maid.

"Of course," said the elderly adviser to the lissome maiden, "one should not marry without love. But

she can't find a man with plenty of money. One should always think of the future."

"Certainly," agrees the girl. "Why do you know, I know three of four girls who married men who were too poor to pay the alimony after they were divorced, and those girls are the unhappy creatures that ever existed."

In Ostrichville.

"What are these, my dear?" asks Mrs. Ostrich.

"Some things I picked up at that camp of human beings."

"Go back and see if you can't get a few braids of hair to trim my bonnet with."

Business Bees:

"Yes, sir," says the photographer, "photography is just like the patent medicine business. Unless we make people look a whole lot better after taking them than they do before taking, we are extremely unsuccessful."

Linen Dress.

A simple semi-princess dress is shown here, that is a style specially suited to linen. The panel front that

Pictureque Castle Saved.

Old

Buy the New Royal Sewing Machine

Equal to any made.
For Sale and fully warranted by O. Palmer.

ADOPTING CHUBBY

By LETTIE WEBER

Chubby sat disconsolate on the front stoop. On the other side of the street a lot of boys were playing fire engine—playing it with his express wagon, too; but Chubby was not permitted to leave the yard and they had grown tired of a fire district confined to a solemn circuit of the flower-bordered path.

Chubby had vaguely intimated that presently Jane might come along with hot gingerbread, but they had not listened to the suggestion.

"If they say Chubby eating gingerbread they were prepared to swarm back again, but, in the meantime, they preferred the opposite side of the street, where Brown's empty stable made a splendid fire house, and they could race clear to the corner and back in answering an alarm.

Chubby's plump face was drawn into the suggestion of a whimper as he contemplated their treachery. But he was too game to cry and so the lines relaxed and Sue Sanderlin, coming down the street, received a smile in answer to her greeting.

"What are you doing here all alone?" she cried briskly. "Why don't you play with the other little boys, Chubby?"

His under lip quivered a little. "They won't stay in the yard and my mother won't let me play in the street," he explained. "They were here, but they took my wagon and went away."

Sue's face grew soft. Chubby's mother was a woman famous in the club world. She was too busy to play with her little boy. It was enough that he had plenty of toys.

She rescued the wagon from the boys, but the desertion of his playmates still grieved Chubby and she took the disconsolate little fellow in her arms and sitting down on the steps, proceeded to tell him a fairy story.

So interested did they grow in the romance she was weaving that neither noticed that someone had stopped outside of the gate until, with a shout, Chubby wriggled out of her arms and bounded down the steps to greet his Uncle Harry.

"I came to see if Chubby wanted to go for a drive," he explained as he came up the steps with his small nephew on his shoulder. "I don't like to interrupt your visit."

"I just stopped because he seemed so lonely," she explained. "The boys had taken his wagon and were playing with it on the other side of the street. I was sorry for him and I was telling a story."

"Tell it to us both," the man pleaded as he looked toward the buggy. "It will be a fine drive over to the lake and back."

"I'm sorry for the little fellow," said Harry Kinman, as they drove slowly homeward. "I suppose if any one told Nedell that she was not a good mother there would be a mighty row—but she is so occupied with her club affairs that Chubby gets little mothering. I come around as often as I can and take him out, but this has been a red-letter day with you along."

"It was very good of you to ask me," she said, as she glanced down at the little fellow sleeping with his head against her shoulder.

"I did not know before that you cared for children," he said slowly, as his glance rested on her face. "Somehow, I've always seemed to think of you as one of the society butterflies."

"When you are in Rome," she quipped lightly.

"That's so," he admitted, wonderingly. "I suppose it's because I've only met you at teas and things. But when I came up the walk this afternoon your face looked like a madonna."

"The madonna of the marble wave?" she asked, with a little laugh. "I'm afraid that I was not dressed for the part."

"I didn't see your hair or your clothes," he denied. "I only saw your face and wondered how it would seem to Chubby if he had a mother who could look like that."

"You are unfair to your sister," she protested. "Because she is a very busy woman, it does not follow that she is always engrossed with her papers."

"I suppose not," he admitted, "but you don't know how you looked. It was like meeting a stranger whom you felt that you must have known for a long time. I can't just explain. I've always liked you but somehow when I saw you on the steps this afternoon I just wanted to take you in my arms and tell you how much I loved you. I don't know how I've kept from blurting it out before now. It's not much like a real proposal, Sue. I can't get down on my knees and ask you to be mine, but I do want you dear, and so does Chubby. Will you marry the two of us, little girl?"

She looked down into the face of the sleeping child and then shyly into her lover's face.

"I think Chubby needs me," she said softly.

Chubby stirred uneasily and opened his sleepy eyes.

"Kiss me, too," he commanded. "I wish you was my mamma."

"It's all right old fellow," said Harry, with a happy laugh. "We're going to adopt you the future Mrs. Kinman and I."

"Johnny," said the teacher, "can you explain the difference between levitation and gravitation?"

"Noway," replied Johnny, "one goes and the other stays."

TROUPING THE FATE

By FRANK L. OGDEN

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Chubby sat disconsolate on the front stoop. On the other side of the street a lot of boys were playing fire engine—playing it with his express wagon, too; but Chubby was not permitted to leave the yard and they had grown tired of a fire district confined to a solemn circuit of the flower-bordered path.

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"That's so," he admitted, wonderingly. "I suppose it's because I've only met you at teas and things. But when I saw you on the steps this afternoon your face looked like a madonna."

"The madonna of the marble wave?" she asked, with a little laugh. "I'm afraid that I was not dressed for the part."

"I didn't see your hair or your clothes," he denied. "I only saw your face and wondered how it would seem to Chubby if he had a mother who could look like that."

"You are unfair to your sister," she protested. "Because she is a very busy woman, it does not follow that she is always engrossed with her papers."

"I suppose not," he admitted, "but you don't know how you looked. It was like meeting a stranger whom you felt that you must have known for a long time. I can't just explain. I've always liked you but somehow when I saw you on the steps this afternoon I just wanted to take you in my arms and tell you how much I loved you. I don't know how I've kept from blurting it out before now. It's not much like a real proposal, Sue. I can't get down on my knees and ask you to be mine, but I do want you dear, and so does Chubby. Will you marry the two of us, little girl?"

She looked down into the face of the sleeping child and then shyly into her lover's face.

"I think Chubby needs me," she said softly.

Chubby stirred uneasily and opened his sleepy eyes.

"Kiss me, too," he commanded. "I wish you was my mamma."

"It's all right old fellow," said Harry, with a happy laugh. "We're going to adopt you the future Mrs. Kinman and I."

"Johnny," said the teacher, "can you explain the difference between levitation and gravitation?"

"Noway," replied Johnny, "one goes and the other stays."

The "Tricks in All Trades" company arrived in Clemtown on an

early morning train. Arling, pleading illness, had his meals served in his room.

Happily, too, Arling was able to make a muffled exit from the hostelry. Everything had gone along splendidly until Arling, glancing out into the crowded house, saw in the box at the right of the stage his fiancee, the dainty Daisy Hecklethorn. The stunned expression on her face would indicate that she had recognized him. He stumbled through the remainder of the act, and, as a consequence, was sharply reprimanded by the manager at its completion.

"Your cue," growled the loud voice of the prompter in the wings. "Don't get stage fright, you fool."

Thus cautioned, Fred Arling, as Morton Murdoch, a poor but honest chauffeur, dragged an essential phrase from his reluctant lips and strove to think of the work in hand.

In the third and last act Arling, his courage returned, strode to center stage.

"I may be poor and unfortunate," he mouthed dramatically, "but I thank heaven that I am honest."

Here fate allowed a rusty hinge in a trap to break, and precipitated Arling to the blackness of a deep cellar. The curtain was promptly rung down—it was a fetchet, but unlatched for a moment.

"Is there a doctor in the house?" asked Christwell from the stage a few moments later.

The doctor who responded was Arling's uncle.

The youth had been brought from the stage with a fractured leg.

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